

# FEARLESS 65



Cover art work by Gregory Bryant  
design by Wm. P. Marshall

# *FEARLESS 65*

*Winter 2012-13*

## **Contributors:**

- Nancy P. Davenport
- Mel C. Thompson
- Will S. Mayo
- +Steven Curtis Lance
- Matloob Bokhari
- Kushal Poddar
- Barbara Moore
- Gaurav Deka
- Heather Drain
- Gregory K. H. Bryant (illustrations)
- souvik biswas
- Lawn D. Ath
- mark hartenbach
- john sweet
- Arjun Chaudhuri
- c.f. roberts
- Wm. P. Marshall (contributing editor)
- Kevin M. Hibshman (contributing editor)

Contact FEARLESS :  
[fearlesszine@gmail.com](mailto:fearlesszine@gmail.com)

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# **The Basket**

Nancy P. Davenport

It's almost September,

and

the brown grass we lie in is  
taller than we are.

My sister and I are  
telling tales

enjoying the day

remembering the best  
parts of the

dysfunction of our lives.

Today, there are no  
bad memories.

When I sit up, I realize  
I've woven a basket.



## **Culinary Aromatherapy**

Nancy P. Davenport

I like to perfume myself with oils  
from my kitchen

orange – coconut – clove – cinnamon

even mint

there are plenty

vanilla is too sweet

but I

love the dark richness of caramel.

I like to mix these oils with patchouli or  
sandalwood and the Irish musk  
from my own body  
and let the day's moves  
heat them; simmer them

cook the oils together.

When he asks what I am wearing, I say  
that I have forgotten, and that  
there is only

one  
way            for him to find out.

He has to take a bite.

**Tim, connodatus**

Nancy P. Davenport

How I love to watch him  
walk around  
naked

from my open bedroom  
window I can smell the roses  
gardenias and  
orange-blossoms  
that bloom outside

I can

hear the \*THUMP\* of the ripe avocados  
as they fall in my garden

the birds are singing a chorus  
and my body sings a song of gratitude

he is such a pleasure to watch  
that I sit back and  
am

satisfied.

But when

muscles begin to move under his  
glowing flesh

and

(he turns to smile at my attention)

I pull

him

back

in.

## Chai Tea You

Mel C. Thompson

The room takes on the wonderful smell of India,  
an inconceivably complex blend of herbs and spices  
with notes of cinnamon, clove, cardamon, fennel,  
ginger, star anise and sweet cream. It's almost

too good to be true. I plunge my fingers in  
and suck the juice off of them once. But the flavor  
is still there. I suck the length of my fingers twice,  
and yet that full-bodied taste remains strong.

It takes four passes to get most of the effect.  
I have no interest in washing my hands till dinner.  
But even after I've washed my hands, the heavenly  
scent remains. Later that night, as I lay in bed

awake, having taken a long shower, I can still  
perceive the lingering aroma about my hands.  
My sleeping pills fail me. My prayers don't work.  
I give in to my base desires and return to the memory

of the most magical vagina I've ever chanced to love.  
My fantasies become ever more detailed and lurid  
and forceful, until at last all of my thoughts are wicked.  
Only then does sleep take me. And two hours later

I am violently awoken by a frightening dream.  
An earthquake has slammed into the building  
and the very foundations are shaken perilously.  
Love and tea are powerful. I'm addicted to them both.

# **Why I Can Never Be The Poet Laureate Of The United States**

Mel C. Thompson

Because I wrote filthy, pornographic rants  
that dehumanized and objectified all human beings.

Because I always sing the praises of Holy Mother Canada  
and view America as devolving into a stinking, Satanic,  
medieval slave ship.

Because I am always saying our populace is equally  
divided between  
graying, hunched-over, Stalinist propaganda drones

and torpid, redneck, tabloid-reading, airhead wankers.  
Because I proclaimed to the poor that it's no virtue

to become several times more evil than the oligarchs  
now rebranding themselves as the struggling middle class.

Because I believe the Judeo-Christian-Islamic  
Monotheistic trifecta  
is the gloomiest and most gargantuan soul-prison of all  
time.

Because I mock the thoughtful, artistic and crafty  
minimalism  
all of the award-granting class has sworn final allegiance  
to.

Only the Sacred First Amendment keeps me here with  
you.  
No other nation will permit my eternal vigil of blasphemy.

And since only blasphemy can save our doltish planet of  
Moonie-like believers,  
I stolidly remain an American, ready to fight to the death to  
defend

these unimaginative, ghetto-lined, polluted, ugly shores  
against all invaders.  
And although you can never make me your Poet Laureate,  
I would protect you.

Additionally, it has been repeatedly mentioned that nothing  
I write  
qualifies as a poetry, however, it's best that we not face  
this issue head-on

otherwise I might resort to my former hobby of singing,  
and then  
you'd really be sorry. Note: One of my wealthier friends is  
looking into

hiring a hooker to service me at regular intervals, in hopes  
that I might  
one day be a bit less bitter, in hopes that I might one day  
write a real poem.



## **Death Claims A Stranger**

Will S. Mayo

His heart was filled with that holy fear.  
His eyes were like so much glass.  
He tossed to and fro  
but could not get away  
from the madness of his own mind.  
And when at last the night claimed him  
it was not because  
of any roadside sign,  
the desert heat or cold,  
or even a passerby.  
Fear alone in the heart of the dark  
took the man with no name.

# **The Klan Came to Our Town Today**

Will S. Mayo

The Klan came to our town today.  
They wore their garbs of white cotton,  
mixed with the colors of living blood and dying souls.  
The crowd shouted and cheered,  
some for the White Death,  
some for the Black Plague,  
all but a few wanting to exterminate the human race.  
And I saw the ghosts pass through the crowd,  
wrapping their chains about some small child's neck.  
While the medicinals were passed around  
from hand to hand and ear to ear,  
poisons for damning and saving body and brain,  
I heard some say,  
"This is for the good.  
We too shall save your one and true Nation."  
Then each and every  
threw their stones at their own Doubting Thomas,  
in hopes that he too could be saved  
from his own bloodless stain.  
And as the crowd of fighting children  
slowly dispersed into the white and black patch,  
only those with nothing to say  
stayed to report  
that nothing really happened.

## **Intermezzo**

+Steven Curtis Lance

A Brahms Intermezzo can make me feel as right as rain  
Can shake me sad though mad so wake me glad again  
Especially in the rain as in the desert today

Happier but sadder songs have washed along away  
For an Intermezzo no pezzo novante may know  
Nor more than me on the radio for just the thing

To whisper to my heart then to remember how to sing  
For now more how I am than how I might have been  
Maybe played the way another day I might have done

However I will be whatever still becomes till then  
How fingers have forgotten now the ending has begun

## **Forever a Star**

+Steven Curtis Lance

I never knew much  
About stars and such  
But I always knew  
Having come that far  
I was a star too

Ending to begin  
Now I realize  
By losing I win  
How falling I rise

Because I am now  
And will be again  
Shining on somehow  
Having come this far  
Forever a star

## **Sunbeam**

Matloob Bokhari

I was sitting on a rock in a valley of flowers.  
Intoxicating fragrance of flora was in the air.  
Birds perched on trees were singing so lovely.  
Stream flowing was speaking softly so sweet.  
Morning dew on leaves were sparkling like gems.  
Flowers were swaying to the whistling of breeze.  
Suddenly, I saw a maiden half awake, half asleep,  
Her beauty exalted the loveliness of vale flowers.  
Behind the clouds a sunbeam crept  
And wrapped the valley with the wings of gold.  
Addressing to all these gifts of God,  
Sunbeams asked to teach the best creation of God:  
“I am sending heavenly rays on earth for joy  
Please don't send with nuclear shells,  
Smiling faces in the cradles to the graves.”

## **Balloon Man**

Kushal Poddar

And God makes the balloon man.  
He confronts the displeased children everyday,  
replace their imperfect rubber dreams,

show them how they can launch  
a whistling balloon  
through the clouded heart of vision.

It keeps their mind engaged.  
They even make a day of balloons.  
They will write the names of their departed ones

and tie them to the balloons.  
We do not know more about those balloons-  
their birth, disappearance,  
their foster father's feeling about their departure.



## **Myths**

Kushal Poddar

Two neighborhood witches  
midst two squares of light.  
They say a building holds them midair.

In isolation we shed our fear of dying,  
but never accept the process as a cure.  
I wave my hands to those old women.

They always tell me I stopped aging.  
I watch the old dog in their yard, a fly on its tongue.  
Did you curse me? I shout

feeling a tower underneath  
hoisting me upward.

Mr. Bose, esquire

A square within a square,  
white  
within

## **the white.**

Kushal Poddar

One can stand on this roof  
and see himself crossing the blocks.  
At noon he crumbles down.

At noon the falcon's fever hits an imaginary note.  
Light sparkles on everything, uneven, sharp, grinded.  
Windows look empty and skinned.

Some crimson footprints remain for the evening.  
A child calls his name from the square outside.  
She climbs up the rectangles.  
A voice, then a dot and then the whole.

How unstable one feels returning to his name,  
to the world according to some identity,  
a shape to hide another.

## **Night Stable**

Kushal Poddar

A man puts some mares in a stable,  
closes the door behind  
and walks toward the river.

Midnight,  
I drag a sleepy mule away from this scene,  
from those mares  
and the man with cold streaming through his fingers.

I wonder if he counts the fish.  
One fish black. One fish sleep. One fish night.  
One for the morning.  
Perhaps he falls asleep there,  
wet to his knees, standing, horse like.

## **Perspective**

Barbara Moore

“No one’s dying here”, she tells me,  
and I am caught up short  
counting the little daily deaths --  
the ones we shove in drawers,  
kick under beds,  
toss out windows  
at passersby.  
Love is bloodied,  
in critical condition  
soon to be pronounced.

Laughter bubbles rise.  
Candle wax melts  
on last musical chair  
at your birthday party.  
“No one’s dying here.”

## **Body Language**

Barbara Moore

I study the photograph  
of the two of us  
in the parking lot  
where you used to pick me up  
behind my mother's building.  
Your eyes are not smiling.  
My eyes are closed.  
One of your boots is raised  
in suggestion of walking away.  
The soles of my shoes are flat  
against concrete.  
I used to dig in with my toes  
for all the good it did me

## Summer Evenings

Gaurav Deka

These are summer evenings  
Of resting cicadas,  
Smoking nameless lobelias,  
In a Perfumer's Pipe;  
He whose fingers knock  
powdery ash,  
Raising orris root gardens.

~

These are summer evenings,  
Of Oriental Dreamers,  
Coming to Life  
Like an Oak Silk moth,  
One that,  
through vespertine trumpets,  
Whisper toxic cacophonies.

~

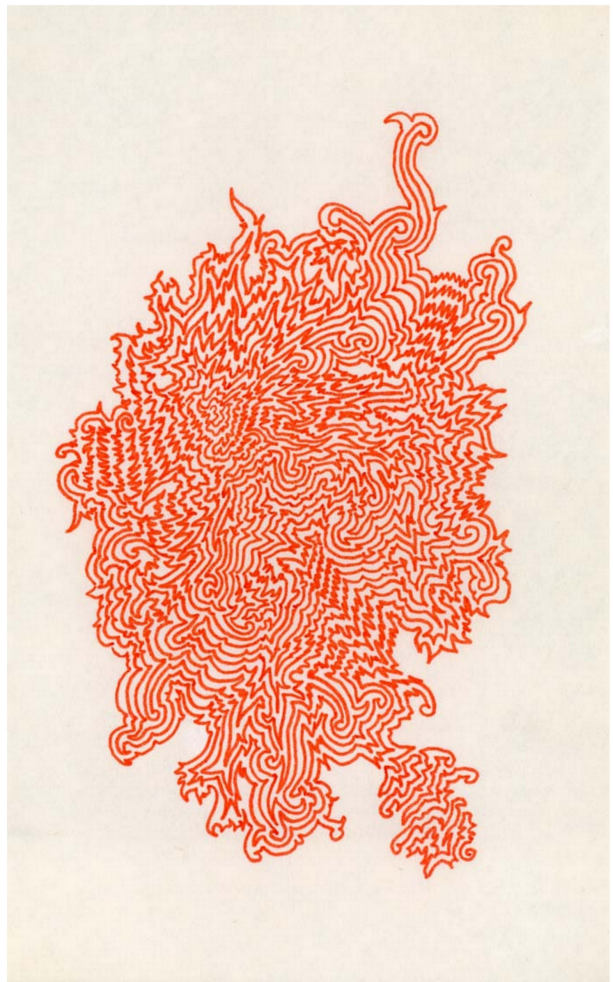
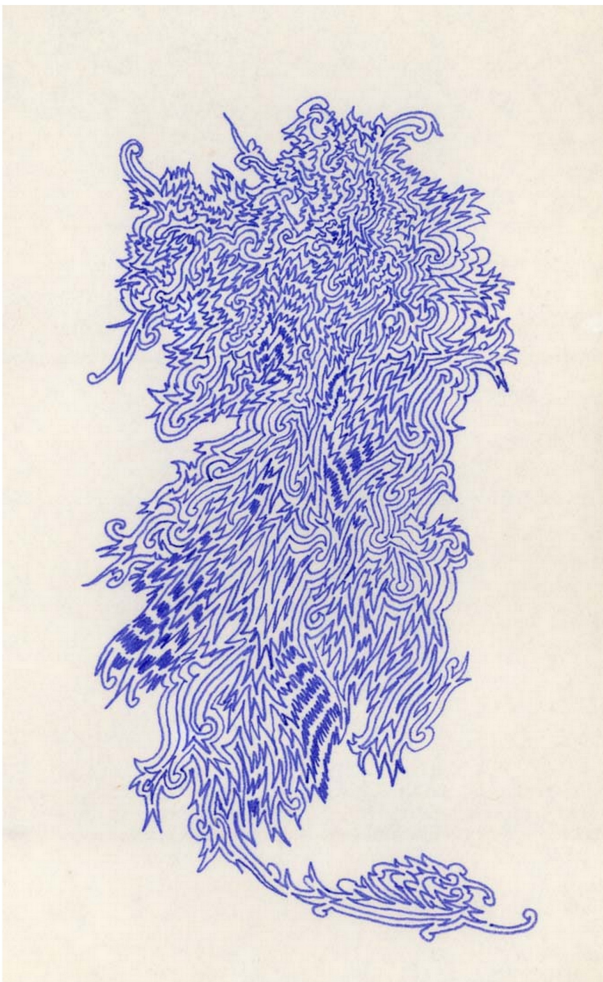
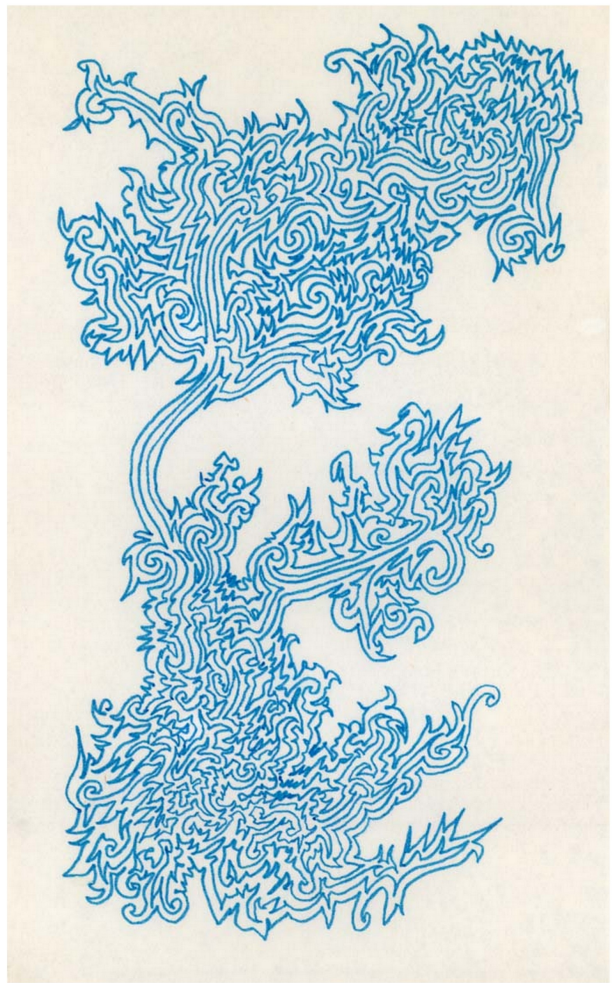
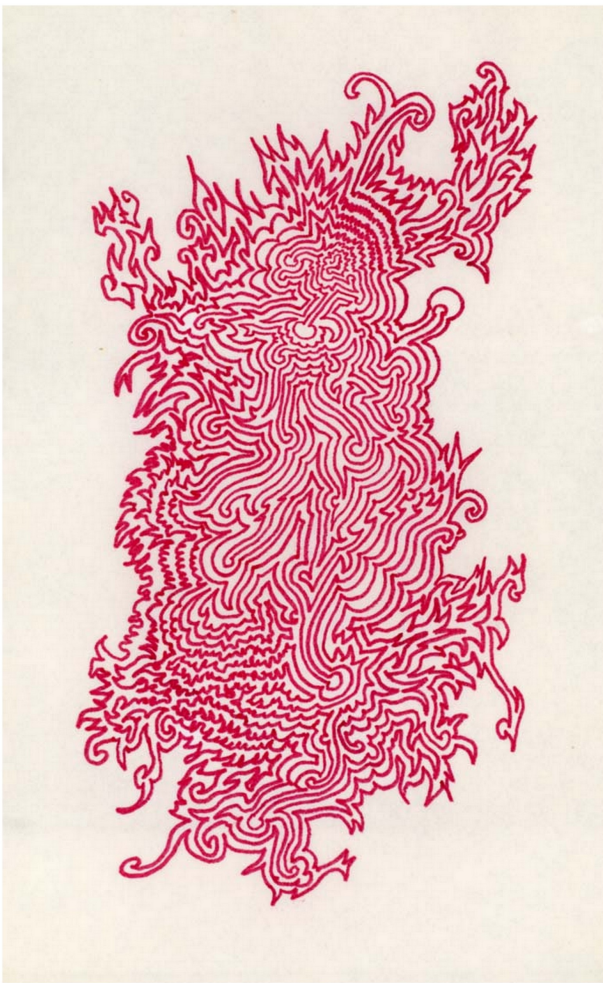
These are summer evenings  
Of nocturnal Love Tales-  
'The may-fly & the lamp'  
De-luminating to Death;  
'The candle & the thread'  
Crackling doxological incantations,  
That which,  
always melts away,  
On incandescent beds.



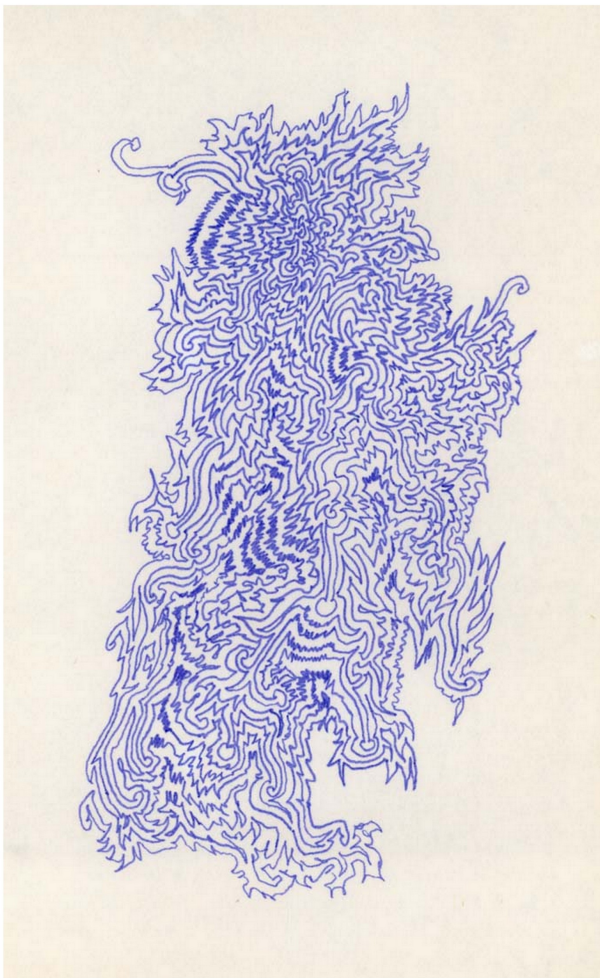
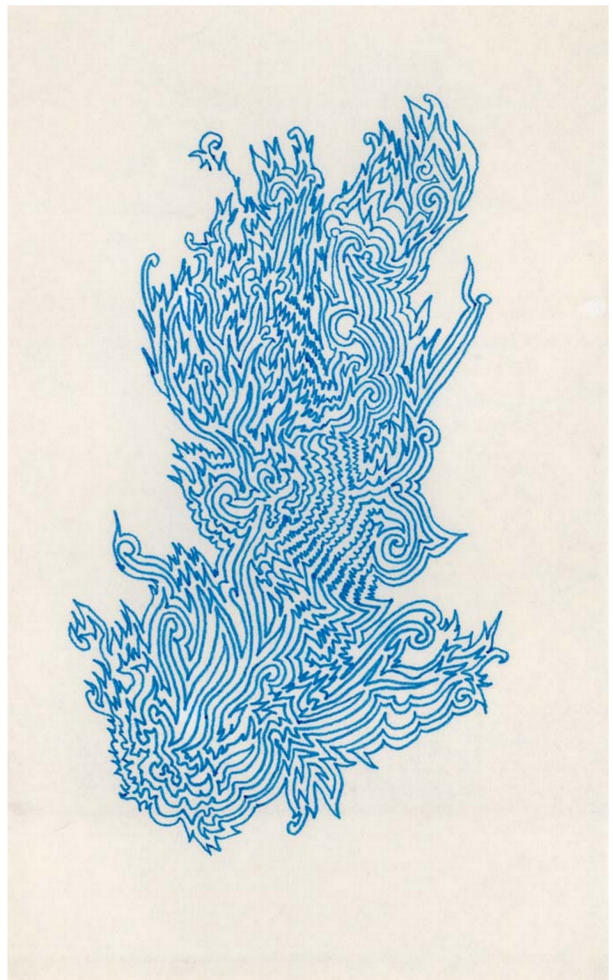
## **Black Sea Skin Wash**

Heather Drain

I feel your mouth upon me,  
as the black sky mirrors the even blacker waters.  
A large hand grips my soft thigh and I can feel my nerves  
collapse into the air.  
Like the spirits in these peeling, gray walls, they are still  
there but I can't feel them.  
Only you, I can feel only you.  
Fingers enter me, shadowing the rhythms of love, over  
and over.  
My body craves the ocean, which is fitting since my heart  
is salted.  
Cobwebs and neglect litter the corners of this room.  
It's not even our rooms but abandoned as we strip the rest  
of our clothes off on this dirty mattress.  
No telling what filth and human misery has seeped into its  
taken-for-granted fabric.  
My naked body leans back into a puddle of my clothes,  
scared of the grimy secrets around us.  
Your oak-like form, solid crawls between me, positioning  
my shaking limbs on your shoulders.  
My ancient mariner, your need greater than any, even my  
own though I still shudder as you thrust in me.  
Nightmares and dreams emerge, cocoon like out of the  
ether and our bodies rock together, driving towards  
the ultimate opiate.  
I wish this could last forever, as if our very ashes could  
continue the pattern of deep wet need and I clutch to  
you, nails digging deep as you pound inch upon inch  
of inch inside me.  
This land will be swallowed whole before we stop,  
if it doesn't consume me first.







## **Love, me and some of her...**

souvik biswas

And there she orchestrates,

Mirroring the grass..

And the smirks ..

Torching her majesty..

With the twisted necks of lilies..

Beyond the blood..

Upon the slippery dreams..

Hails and sharpens her ancient nails..

Cloyed in the pockets of dead clowns..

Breaks the rhythm..

And the hearts of every painter..

She swims across the strained beauty..

Her floating organs up on the mast..

The grey cat curls around her victims..

In envenomed manoeuvres of her craft..

She slips and swaps her screams..

Under those gulmohors of broken skies..

I closed my eyes and there she grew..

Like burnt snakes..

Black as night..

Kissed my throat and claimed my dreams..

Being a warrior of my heart..

Surprised my skin..

And forked my hairs..

Shone with all the queenly might..

The passing traffic all at once..

Gaped its fangs..

To chew my eyes..

I to her in an enticed silence..

Mocked and murdered..

And blocked the world..

In smoky rings of our love story.

## **Presence**

Lawn D. Ath

Please, stay a while.

It's been so long since I've heard you smile  
that I've forgotten what presence is like.

My senses so often fail me. I don't know you...

are here until after I'm lost, around the corner.

If I could get but a glimpse of you,  
I'd kindly be dragged by my nostrils.



## **Lady Luna**

Lawn D. Ath

My sole companion of the night, you shine so fully with  
your radiance  
sailing though the breezes, hidin' 'neath the clouds,  
playfully  
accepting all of me. Shine down on me Her love tonight.

You remind me of the Goddess of Gods, and the  
emptiness I cry without her, (Woh)  
that long ago I stopped listening to her (woh).  
That I can't live without her...

Woh!

That I turned away, for something I thought was real,  
and strong,  
and love,  
and light.

We've meet before, me lady from on high.  
You saw though me then as you shine though me now.  
I shine a little brighter, with Her love in your eyes.  
I lie naked before you with all my sins,  
all my regret,  
all my pride,  
and you.

You laugh at me, hiddin' 'neath the clouds, reminding me  
to smile.

Luna; Luna Luna...

"You shine so bright this clear dark night"... But wait we've  
been down that road before.

A road I'd gladly re-travel. If I can admit that I messed up.

Woh!

Or have courage to beg forgiveness.

## **appalachian sonnet- 5.**

mark hartenbach

embracing anti-oedipus animal nature

gnawing way through umbilical cord

revitalized dose of genetic severance

shredding contraband documentation blues

rambunctious but come off as mellow

or urbane though too pure for poses

blooming compulsively off the vine

implacable hits fate between the eyes

not a third eye in or out of sight

never bought that enlightenment

harps blowing with a few dead reeds

which gives it back porch authenticity

fever breaks before boiling but not before

dipping into hallucinatory insights

## **appalachian sonnet- 6.**

mark hartenbach

brittle branches scrape huge rachmoninoff chords

implications being lost touch with my origins

instead of can't be helped arthritic hit or miss

all but physically impossible during chillier months

longing to dance with my first love again

although it's been a lifetime or two or three

though i never thought of myself as a good dancer

disrupting loneliness i'm feeling right now

though i paradoxically swear that i never get lonely

unraveling after close encounter with the past

which i've become adept at dodging

but let down my guard closed my eyes

vital signs dipping into naked blue

anointed memories slip out run wild

**time**

john sweet

and in the end  
all of us dogs fucking on  
bloodstained beaches and then all of us saints  
starving in mansions built by the  
pale white hands of god

and some of us crippled by priests and  
by politicians and others caught without warning  
on the wrong end of loaded guns

breathing deep fifteen feet beneath the  
surfaces of frozen lakes

took us lifetimes to get here and then  
without warning we have nothing left to  
do but close our eyes and remember  
them with frantic joy

## **a thing of love & beauty**

john sweet

the humor of duct tape holding  
the corners of your house together

the false hope of summer

just takes one good storm to make  
your mouth fill with bitter blood

just takes the election of one more  
wealthy motherfucker to make you  
realize the failure of democracy

the poor hold no power and the  
weak have no dignity and  
why would you ever care about  
overthrowing any government but  
your own?

why would you expect compassion  
from someone willing to sacrifice  
you and your children in a war  
good for nothing more than  
the creation of profit?

how long until you start  
finding ways to get rid of the  
real enemy?

**permafrost**

john sweet

was suddenly mortal in the  
cold blue sunlight of my 35th winter

was lost in a room w/ a stranger and  
her sister and both of them naked  
and one of them crying and we  
were far beyond the point where  
words would help explain anything

i was considering rothko,  
wrists slashed and overdosed on  
his kitchen floor

i was considering his daughter

the ease with which pain  
spreads out from the core

# **depression**

john sweet

in darkest times,  
my love for her falters

fades away entirely

it seems wrong, but there you are

the world is run by  
carrion birds

the elections are all fixed

why would you vote for  
anyone who will tell you  
only what you want to hear?

why would you ever  
want to get out of  
bed in the morning?

i've been looking for  
the answer to this one,  
but so far it escapes me

# Tree

Arjun Chaudhuri

(On revisiting a particular Pine Tree of Memory on the way to Shillong, November 2010)

1.

With me, my tree,  
grow, in the light,  
in the night, glow  
in the moon

and soon,  
you see,

the fruit,  
the spring,  
the root, the ring,  
all of it I will be,  
with you, my tree.

2.

Green is the land now,  
winter lost to the winds,  
spring like a beam of sun  
falls true to the waters.

Magic mien, logic long  
gone to the shaded parts  
where wisps flee the free  
like gentle, guarded song.

The whole of this earth  
like a bridge slows, goes.



The whole of this earth is me.  
As it all is you, my tree.

Leaves of rivers,  
boughs of borders,  
trunk made of golden time.  
Shreds of gone things hard.

All of it, our body, Tree,  
is this birding rhyme.

Leaves of rivers, boughs  
of borders, waters,  
fruit and seed, blossom, grow  
like you and me, true, and slow.

3.  
Distant wave tree  
with cloud and past  
showers of deeds  
now gone to roam  
in dark and free  
shadows of trees  
like you, like this,  
like me, like you.

The coming road goes  
and the going past shows  
the verging of then and now  
part of your bark, your distant bark.  
And as the fog falls, to the sky  
the heart that smell recalls.

Father, fragrance, age

and perfumed rage  
of musk and husk it goes.  
Fear of song gone long  
and pine cone early tongue.

4.

Journeys mean a passing too  
of time and age and gloom.  
This November, song so sombre  
come to rest on lotus leaf,  
or Tom Thumb glee, or Father free,  
or mother now the river, Tree.

This will flow like river glow  
or sun lit morn, or moon in row  
a set of stars and earth and earth  
and all of it is another birth.  
Raucous witch that looming hill  
and raucous so this present chill.

Cold it is so cold and cold.  
I feel the land is turning old.  
I feel the rising from beneath  
of truthful meat and foolish gold.

With auburn tree and free fled art  
will rise now this, the pine tree heart.  
In your inch by inch of bark  
I see the walks of my father's ark.

And all the animals in that ark  
now plunder, growl and scream and bark.

## **Imminent Domain**

c.f. roberts

blight is a  
(relative)  
term manipulated by the  
movers, the  
shakers, the  
captains of  
(real)  
estate old  
town crumbles  
by design and the  
town fathers eat  
(their young)

# **Last Will and Testament**

c.f. roberts

for Brian Mattarochia and Richard Seffron

this is my last will and testament

(don't be nervous)

the electric hum broken crackles with

play in circuit this is the

music of my soul the howl of

feedback after the band

hits an abrupt halt all this

i've tried to give

gone down laughing crying puking

under the jackboots of taste and

feigned opportunistic pseudo-morality

all for posterity and a face full of

pepper spray

the three-toed sloths of progress

ripped down proletarian expression

jacked up the rents had a cigarette

and shat in the astroturf where

indiscriminate stunted mutant gardens

accidentally grew

there a boy who looked like me

was found jerking off under a wilted

cabbage leaf,

much to my father's surprise

i slap the ugliest greens i can on

canvas to aural dissonance as images blur

by greasy, zit covered skags fuck and

suck on the screen, battery of

need and i line in distorted, squalling  
figures with deformed genitalia  
etching of child-primal  
abandon confusion frustration action

the boy who looks like me is still a virgin  
he's ugly and his mother dresses him funny  
even as graduation approaches  
he likes heavy metal, considers it the one  
true religion, but is disturbed by the  
growing trend of satanic lyrics  
he wants to draw comics but flunked  
out of drafting class  
in short he's got problems

cadmium red lines over titanium  
white blotches my  
mauling of the human figure  
wet brain rages in thrall of  
tonight's medication i  
bruise language in my jihad and  
on TV the last politician who dismissed  
me becomes a star, spouting a medley  
his most humiliating soundbites  
scratching, hiccuping in hip-hop grind  
assault is my best preventative defense

brushes dripping jackson pollock knocked  
down the last wall of perspective  
liberating visual artists forever  
similarly lou reed knocked down the  
final musical wall with 1975's "metal  
machine music", paving a road for  
punk thrash industrial ambient electronica

the whole damn gamut  
leveled the playing field to  
infinite

camera in hand i get a woody exploring the  
disintegration of concrete linear form  
watching flesh and blood reduced to  
brittle lines then collapsing under waves  
of color, noise, texture---  
form in a state of collapse, however,  
is still form---the struggle is how to  
render the absence of form as interesting  
as its process of dissolution  
it could be a losing battle

the boy who looks like me bleats his exception  
he is a proponent of form, after a  
fashion  
he believes in technique, although he's  
naive about exactly what that is  
cohesion means a lot  
in short he still thinks it's possible  
to "go too far"  
(problem of scope)

in the storm words and pictures  
avalanche forth and i can't contain  
them finite vessel flickering  
light and music while  
outside fascism builds, congeals  
toxic lopsided reasoning co-opts belief  
acid sludge gushes from the madonna's eyes  
her transformation into dioxin monster  
complete

hail mary and hail the company  
we pledge allegiance to the poison  
this is your wakeup call  
go back to sleep suck your thumb and  
think pretty pictures from  
now on everything is done for you

my portrait of mary includes the flag  
the toxic sludge and the coors light logo  
she also has a dick  
my video skip brainlock abstracts  
betray the iridescent cracks and spiders  
that crowd into the black under closed lids  
say what you will it beats the  
holocaust footage i couldn't shake a few  
years ago

mini thins and beer and in the lattice of  
my process the bodies are greased and  
thrusting endlessly in a vaseline white  
noise parade out the corner of my eye  
in the alcoves of my brain crawling  
fucking sucking shitting squealing  
compliant cunts and assholes are  
pumped and filled by huge freakish cocks  
balls slap rippling ass in staccato rhythm  
dirty headflood jonesing for the bacchanal

(slamming my fists repeatedly into my face)

color and noise like volcanoes, volcanoes,  
volcanoes

(i want my outside to look like my inside)

cracks...

like ventilation in vincent's body after he  
eked out his last manifesto, "but what do you want?"

"but what do you want?"

spiders in the brain like richard's  
driving from san diego to minneapolis on a whim  
because it was all he could do  
words sharpening as his mind raced faster  
poetry becoming wilder, more vivid  
'til he bought that special gun  
knowing it was the girl he'd waited his whole  
life for  
took photos posing, shooting with her  
you know the rest

my dying impulse is defiance and necessity  
to squeeze out every last word image color  
before the ceiling comes down  
before the shit comes down  
giving up every last piece until it's just  
shards and slivers hitting the floor  
in chance non patterns  
the last blows before every last  
officious pig says "no", imposes some  
sanitary smackdown yanks away my  
last right my last tool removes my  
hands eyes ears tongue  
to the applause of multitudes

i put a bullet in the brain of the boy who  
looked like me  
his end followed the appropriate arc corresponding  
to christianity judaism islam the periodic



table of elements  
his hands sprouted from the ground as daisies  
nourishing strange stunted animals  
fertilizer sediment fossil fuel

and factory ragged bones and muscles i  
retreat to my dark corner  
etching out final frayed objections  
muttering litanies all i've got left  
repeating phrases  
picking at scabs

when i die i'm dispersing my body among  
sundry confederates with the  
stipulation that they will use the  
various pieces they receive as art

you will be the recipient of my skull  
mount it on the mantelpiece in an unusual  
and surprising fashion  
make it something people can laugh at  
cigarette dangling from the nubs of my teeth  
jaunty hat up top  
whatever works

you will be the recipient of at least  
fifty per cent of my ribcage  
do what thou wilt  
just be sure and log documentation or its  
surgical equivalent

picking at scabs.....

tan my flesh and turn it into a tepee or a tapestry

decorate with cave paintings of dogs  
playing cards  
adorn my hide with beads sundials doodads dream  
catchers  
render me p.c. and multicultural  
the indian i could never be in life

nobody gets my reproductive organs  
i'm donating them to science in hope that  
they might nail them to a board study them and  
find a cure for my paternal lineage before  
it can do any more damage

you will be the recipient of my femur  
i want you to paint it lots of neat colors  
add attachments, ornaments, ad infinitum  
amen

making eye contact with you is one of the  
hardest things i've ever tried to do  
virtually unbearable like every sin i've  
ever committed is playing to the world in a  
continual graphic loop and i'm smashing myself  
to pieces on the projector. the projector.  
the projector.

picking at scabs.....

you have a mission to teach alchemy and  
lead the young and impressionable forward  
to a new age of horus

spiders

scarecrow i think i'll miss you most of all  
bone and dry skin  
cornstalk like a parched american christ

fossil fuel sediment fertilizer  
hands

picking at scabs.....

cracks.....

cracks.....

## **Clara**

Wm. P. Marshall

We converged at the crosswalk light.

“This is my bad one,” she said, pointing to her amber eye,  
“but I can still see you.”

“That’s better than nothing,” I replied.

“Yes, better than nothing.”

## **Untitled (.:.) eulogy for a dream**

Wm. P. Marshall

the embankment became luminous  
in the presence of shadow matter  
as the storm blustered inward  
electric blue and white

visionary rumors pressed against the door  
proclaiming your heroic escape

when we pulled your bike from the dunes  
the thistles and the thorns  
the sea was speechless  
and you were gone

farewell, my dreamtime companion  
your past has been resigned

## Untitled ‡ ( ☆ ) ‡

Wm. P. Marshall

He dreamt of aeroplanes falling,  
assaulting serpentine barrens  
in small towns with railroad yards  
beyond which no trees may grow.

He felt the dislodging foundations  
like Simon Peter on the water,  
in a fast composited place  
both prophetic and fantasy

## **dusty**

Kevin M. Hibshman

androgynous girl  
freckles i dug  
your dad had been famous once  
he knew big shots like dick clark  
i was impressed  
got him to autograph a photo for my mom  
it was her generation that had venerated him  
you lived in worlds i would never reach  
but you were down to earth being unconventionally  
attractive for a girl of that era  
we rode our bikes and skipped the stream in the park  
talked about pop music  
you were sick a lot and missed a lot of school  
i got the feeling that you got away with whatever you  
wanted to  
although you did not seem to abuse the privileges you  
were born to  
i think we were both slightly ahead of our time  
perhaps this was the initial bond?  
i think of you whenever i play this old album  
it's autumn again and i am being haunted by ghosts of all  
persuasions

# **i want to gather you**

Kevin M. Hibshman

i want to gather you  
under fierce sky and settled plain  
like rain drops creating a river  
i would collect you like  
a bucket of colored stones  
my rainbow  
a bit more permanent until time scatters us again



## **life is weird**

Kevin M. Hibshman

life is weird and the weather won't move  
i suffer when the weather remains boring  
no storms  
no surprises  
nothing to compete with this hush

*Mephistopheles Press*

